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the concerts and the cuisine of Terrace Garden afford.

We have no hesitation in recommending our readers to visit this garden. Let them go frequently and they will find it the pleasantest place for family enjoyment that has ever been established in this city. The concerts take place every night, and on Saturday an additional one at three o'clock in the afternoon.

ORGAN CONCERT IN BOSTON.—Mr. James Pearce, Mus: B. Oxon., (of Philadelphia), who sails to-day for a European tour, gave two organ concerts at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 16th and 17th, with great success. The programmes, which we copy, are remarkably beautiful:

June 16th.—Prelude and Fugue in E minor, J. S. Bach; Adagio (from "Lieder Ohne Worte"), Mendelssohn; Sonata, No. 3, Mendelssohn; a. Aria, b. Chorus, from the "Creation," Haydn; Andante (varied), Beethoven; Fugue in G minor, J. S. Bach.

June 17th.—Prelude and Fugue in E flat, J. S. Bach; a. Chorale, b. Aria, from "Eljah," Mendelssohn; Sonata, No. 6, Mendelssohn; Motet, "I wrestle and pray," J. S. Bach; Andante (curtailed), Beethoven; Coronation Anthem, Handel.

Mr. James Pearce is not only a thorough and excellent musician, but an organist of first class ability. He studied in England in the severest school and carried off the honors at Oxford, after a test which demanded from him not only a thorough knowledge of ecclesiastical writing, fugue and counterpoint, but of voicing and orchestral writing. His programmes give evidence of his schooling, and his performance proved him to be perfect master of that king of instruments, the organ. He has a perfect control of all its resources, and his execution both with the manuals and the pedals, is unsurpassed by any of the many admirable exponents of the organ, that we have in this country.

Mr. James Pearce is at present unknown to New York, save by reputation, but on his return from abroad, it is his purpose to give some organ concerts in this city, when we shall have the opportunity of fully comparing him with others.

MUSICIANS AND MANAGERS.—A sharp and lengthy correspondence has recently occurred, between the Managers' Association here and the Musicians' Protective Association, respecting those disputes which have prevailed between those unions. It commenced—as published—with invitation from the Musicians to review past action in order to arrange matters on a mutually agreeable basis for the coming season.

The proposed adjustment failed of practical effect, because the Managers refused to recognize control over their engagements by the Protective Union, and Mr. Wheatley's final answer expressed such determined purpose not to yield by the Managers, that no prospect of settlement now remains, unless the Musicians' Union recede from that demanded control.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT'S FAREWELL MATINEE.—Dodworth Hall was crowded on this occasion by a most fashionable and intelligent audience. Mr. Massett (Jeans Pipes of Pipeville) has so many friends and admirers that a crowded audience was the natural result of the announcement of his farewell performance. Mr. Massett was cordially greeted on his appearance, and received during the evening frequent and enthusiastic proofs of the admiration felt for his fine abilities. His programme was of the most varied character, embracing prose and poetical selections from the best authors, interspersed with ballads and imitations of persons and characters. Mr. Massett's ballad-singing is too well known to need any comment, further than to say that his splendid voice was in fine order, and rang out sonorous through the hall. Of his prose recitations, the "Death of Poor Joe," from Bleak House, was by far the most effective. It was given with a simple pathos which was touching in the extreme, and moved many to tears. Among the poems, the most noticeable were, "Learning to Walk," a little gem by George Cooper, the well known "Beautiful Snow," by J. W. Watson, and the powerfully dramatic poem, "The Vagabond," by J. T. Trowbridge. During the delivery of this poem, which is one of Mr. Massett's best efforts, a lady who seemed absorbed by the earnestness of the speaker while addressing his dog, rose up to get a sight of that illused faithful animal, and not seeing it there, became conscious and sat down blushing. But the poem which made the greatest sensation, was an unpublished one by Henry C. Watson, "So my lady rides in her carriage." The poem is of marked power, the incident is striking, and the pathos intense, and Mr. Massett's rendering of it was so dramatic, and at the same time so full of passion and pathetic expression, that it created a profound sensation, and was only not encored because Mr. Massett's fatigue forbade it.

The humorous portion of the entertainment was keenly relished by the audience, and was greeted by roars of laughter and hearty applause. Mr. Massett may congratulate himself upon having made a complete success.

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

Mr. Dan. Bryant inaugurated a successful Summer Season at Wallack's on Monday evening of last week, opening in "Born to Good Luck" and "Handy Andy." The house was crowded and warm, and the audience were enthusiastic. Mr. Bryant has vastly improved since last summer; there is less of the amateur about his acting, and his performances show evident signs of close and careful study; at present he is perhaps the best exponent of the peculiar phase of Irish character which he represents. The Hibernian drama is at all times a disagreeable subject with me, but it must be confessed that Mr. Bryant invests it with an interest that makes it almost interesting. Mr. Bryant is supported by a good company, among whom is Miss Rosa Cook, (who made her debut at Lucy Rushton's Theatre some short time back), a young lady with a very sweet voice and a most piquant manner; with careful study this young lady can place herself at the head of our soubrette actresses; her voice is delicious, and some of her songs would do credit to more pretentious singers—all she wants is a little more force in her acting, and this I doubt not in time she will attain.

Come we now to the Winter Garden, where Mr. John Brougham is still delighting small but appre-

ciative audiences with his genial humor. During the last week the gentleman has appeared in "Flies in the Web" and "His Last Legs," in both of which amusing plays his acting is perfectly delicious. As O'Callaghan, in "His Last Legs," Mr. Brougham gives us one of the most perfect pictures of a gentlemanly Irishman that it would be possible to imagine, fully realizing all the characteristics of that most wonderful race of divinities which Lever is so fond of writing about.

The Broadway Theatre was closed last Saturday evening, the farewell performance being "Oliver Twist," in which Miss Helen Westera won considerable applause. The Theatre is to remain closed during the summer season, during which time the painters and upholsterers are to take possession of it for the purpose of painting, redecorating, &c., a course of proceeding highly commendable on the part of the establishment, for at present the Broadway Theatre presents a decidedly dismal and dingy appearance.

SHUGGE.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

May 20th.

Again in Paris, dear, delightful city of my heart! Four years ago, this lovely May morn, my eager eyes were first dazzled by Parisian splendor. A happy coincidence, that my second arrival should recur upon the same day of the same month—lily month—the month of Mary. It is pleasant to be here in this spring season, when "rosy May comes in wi' flowers." Riding down the Champs Elysées this morning, just as ruby-red Phoebus was kissing the blushing flowers, I was reminded of the half-forgotten lines of Tasso, picturing the Elysian fields of old renown. Sun-gleams and verdant leaves are here; sweet lilies too, peeping forth, and pinks, geraniums, and roses fully flowered. When a little below the Rond Point, I stood up in the barouche, and took a good look at the magnificent avenue. I have never seen aught more enjoyable. Broad and ascending, until it terminates at the Arc de Triomphe, that solemn pile of colossal grandeur. The picturesque hotels of the noblesse built in the style of the splendor-loving Louis Quinze, seem to recede from the glare of the dusty pleasure-course and half conceal themselves in the leafy recesses. I look towards the last, and there I see the pretty Russian church, all white and gold with its domes and spires glittering in the morning sun, resembling to my eyes a magnificent golden butterfly with out-spread wings. I turn southward my enraptured gaze adown the charming Elysée, past the Palais de l'Industrie, past the Hotel des Invalides with its green velvet esplanade, sweeping on past the Place de la Concorde to the imperial garden, the enchanting Jardin des Tuileries—the garden of gardens for beauty. What a buena vista! How radiant and dream-like the view!—surpassing in loveliness all else. Through those green arcades, those old ancestral trees stretch out their gigantic arms, drooping with their shining foliage to entertain and form an emerald canopy. Through the gloom of the wood gleam out the shining sculptured forms of ancient heroes and mythological divinities. A pretty lakelet, too, there is; and lo! amid orange trees and myrtle sweet, a palace coronated with morning red arises.

As I turned from the Rue du Marché St. Honoré into the Rue St. Hyacinthe, the group of little hotels that nestle so closely together were not yet astir, the slumbers of Parisinia not being

easily disturbed by the morning glory, and the heavy iron gates were still closed. Upon the touch of M. le Cocher to the bell-pull, the ponderous portals slowly swung open, but it was some moments before the concierge made his appearance, and then his toilet was not completed. One anticipation that I had had in returning, was the hope of occupying again the same room in this little hotel where I had passed a year of my child-life in a rapturous dream—a dream which I was now returning to realize. In answer to my inquiry for apartments, the concierge said, shaking off the morning slumber, "Yes, there was one, *numéro dix-sept*, vacated only the previous evening." With a joy-throbbing heart, I flew up the long, polished stairway, and entered *numéro dix-sept*, my dear little old study-chamber. Ah, how charmingly familiar. The recess, where stood the high bed with its soft mound of down, draped in pink; a large mirror placed in the wall behind it, where a child's face reflected used to receive my morning salutations; the little round table with the dear familiar ink-stain, which in a poetic reverie my carelessness had produced; a second mirror between the pink drapery of the windows; the marble mantel ornamented with a fanciful little gold and white clock, surmounted by two sweet brooding ring-doves doubled in a third mirror of larger dimensions. With childish *empressement* I embraced them all.

May 25th.

Some of the occupants of the Hotel du Prince Régent, I find not uninteresting. There is one German lady with whom I sometimes converse. She is a very agreeable and highly educated person, having been the playmate and study-companion of Queen Christina, during the childhood of that sovereign. Although not young, there are still traces of beauty in the fine oval face, and down-drooping Madonna eyes, while her complexion is that clear pink and white that is supposed to belong to blushing maidenhood.

Another lady to whom I feel agreeably attracted, is a Jewess, Madame L. She and her husband are Americans from the Southern States, although loyal. They are very agreeable and polite to us on account of our nationality. Madame L. is a lady of great personal dignity, and her imposing presence gives her quite the air and manner of a court lady, and that this is not imaginary is confirmed by the anecdote which Madame L. related to me this evening, while taking her *café noir* behind a screen in the inner court of the hotel.

When Madame L. was a little girl, her father's estates were adjoining those of Joseph Bonaparte. She said that she used frequently to see the dethroned monarch, and it was remarked that he appeared much interested in her, looking at her as if her child face reminded him of some other loved one. One day while playing with some little friends, she observed that in their childish rambles for berries and wild flowers they had unconsciously crossed the limits of her father's grounds, and were trespassing upon those of King Joseph. She warned her little playmates of this, and as they stood, undecided whether to return immediately, or to pursue their predatory excursion, they saw King Joseph approaching. At first their alarm was great, but he addressed them kindly, and at once distinguishing the future Madame L. among them, invited her to accompany him to his mansion. The little girl hesitated, upon perceiving which King Joseph remarked, still gently in broken English, that once he was a *roi*, and that he was

accustomed to be obeyed, so without further hesitation she complied. Upon their arrival at his house King Joseph took her into his library, where he placed her upon his lap and inquired of his secretaries who that child resembled? They all declared that she bore the strongest likeness to his daughter, the Princess Charlotte. This confirmed his own impressions, and then caressing her tenderly, said that he had a daughter whom he loved very much, but that she was in Europe, and he might never see her again.

May 28th.

This morning, as I was tripping down the stairway, Madame L. called to me from the *salle à manger*, where she and her tall, grave husband were taking their *dejeuner*. She was looking grandly beautiful in her *robe noir*, with a rich lace mantle thrown over her reverend head. After first pressing me to share with her some of her delicious spring strawberries, she inquired whether it was my sister or myself who practised the piano so many hours during the day! I replied that we were both students of the piano forte. "Ah," she said, "I am myself passionately fond of music, and in my youth I received a very good musical education. I have observed," she said, "that you do not *study* as the day declines: at even, the music changes." "Yes," I said, "the morning hours are for study, the even time for recreation in music." "Last evening," continued Madame L., "I heard you play a tender little heart-melody that I recognized before you had finished the first measure, although I had not heard it in many years. I was sitting alone in my chamber, strangely enough musing upon its young author, whom I had not seen for ten years. When you struck the first notes of the *Last Hope*, it was as if Moreau had spoken." "Indeed!" I said, with some surprise, "and do you know the divine Chevalier?" "I know Moreau Gottschalk," said Madame L., with stateliness, "and all of his interesting family. I first met Moreau at the Spa; he was then about twenty; I thought I had never seen a more interesting young man. He was said to resemble Chopin, but they differed as one star differs from another in glory. The melancholy beauty of Chopin's face reminded me of the face of a sorrowing angel. His nature was essentially heaven-born; there is a holy discontent upon it. His music expresses the heart-sickness of an exiled seraphim. Moreau is earth-born, though well born. Nature wrought him from her finest materials. His spirit is pure and exalted, but human impulse sways and actuates it. He is not so austere aristocratic as Chopin, but his soul elects only the noble and lovely, although his heart is humanly tender and impressionable, and kindness often leads him into temptation. Moreau is pre-eminently a poet, but his melodic poems are not always heaven-inspired. The rude songs of the negroes, a midnight in Seville, the whispering winds, and Creole eyes, all move his melodious heart to melody. But I forget that I am detaining you," said Madame L. "Oh do not stop," I begged, "I am interested in all that you say. Pray tell me all that you know of Mr. Gottschalk. How did he look at twenty?" "Like his music," she replied. "I was not young when I first met Moreau Gottschalk, but a dozen years added to a woman of fifty produces some change. His music, his wonderful playing, his accomplished mind, the singular grace that distinguished him, made him an object of universal interest. He was surrounded by a crowd of worshippers. I heard him play, I heard him converse.

I was entranced. But I was not content; I told my husband I wished to hear this wonderful artist alone; I wished to separate him from this throng of fashion. I must hear him when I could listen without distraction. I should tell him so. My husband laughed and said if I were thirty years younger the artist might gratify my eccentric wish. I soon found an opportunity to make my request. Moreau laughed and said, 'Wait until the crowd leaves, Madame, and then if you will come down into the drawing room at half past one to-night, I will play for you as long as you care to listen—upon one condition, however, that you will keep it a secret.' Of course I readily promised: at eleven I went to my room, where I told my husband of Moreau's promise, and that I intended to wait up. He replied that his enthusiasm should not deprive him of his sleep. I seated myself beside an open window, laid my watch upon the window-ledge, and impatiently watched its moon-illuminated dial. One visitor after another sought their slumber-chamber, until the echo of the last retiring foot-fall died away in the midnight silence. The harvest moon was far over in the western sky as I descended with noiseless tread to the deserted parlor. A soft, mysterious darkness was spread over the room, and only by the faint white moon-gleams that peered through the night-screen could I distinguish the shadowy form of the young musician. I seated myself beside him at the piano where I could see the keys flashing out with a strange white lustre in the pale intruding night-lights. Not a word was whispered, no exclamatory delight; I could hear my heart beat in the hushed stillness. I have heard music in every European capital, I have listened to every great artist who has thrilled the world for the last thirty years, but the music of that hour has its pre-eminent enchantment."

Upon my inquiring as to which of Mr. Gottschalk's parents he was indebted for his extraordinary talents, Madame L. said, "Moreau's father had a large brain, and was remarkable for his profound scholarly attainments, but from his mother he undoubtedly inherited the gift of poetry and his rare melodic inspiration. Madame Gottschalk," she added, "was richly endowed with almost every natural gift, and being of a noble family, she had received every accomplishment that could adorn feminine loveiness. Moreau," she continued, "is not the only gifted Gottschalk. Edward was very clever; indeed, I have heard Moreau say that this brother had more talent for music than himself, but that his temperament was unfavorable for persistent study. And Clara, a beloved youngest sister," Madame L. said, "was a most accomplished pianist; a beautiful girl, possessing every quality of mind and heart that could endear her to her friends." Indeed, I thought Madame L. would never have done eulogizing the "beautiful Clara." "Come up to my room," she said, "and I will show you something wrought by Clara's artistic fingers." It was a pretty trifle, valueless except as a cherished souvenir of feminine affection. "Ah," I said, "this 'beautiful Clara' must be the sister who inspired the *Berceuse*." Madame L. knew nothing of it. I repeated to her these words of Mr. Gottschalk's, from a letter published in the Home Journal three or four summers ago:

"I was led to compose the '*Berceuse*' by memories of a younger sister of mine, dearly loved and brought up by me, whom I cradled in my arms during her infancy through a painful illness which threatened to take her away from me.

Finally, thank God, she triumphed over it. I imagined her lying in her cradle as of old, and at the thought of losing her, all my youthful emotions, all my affection, ripened by age and strengthened by absence, sprang up afresh, to be condensed into this little *morceau*, which, despite its trifling artistic value, I dearly love, because it recalls to me a great sorrow once spared my heart.

"Yes," said Madame L., "that was Clara. Have you the music?" she inquired. "I would like so much to hear it." While I was playing, Madame L. listened with unaffected interest. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed: "will you repeat it?" I complied. When I rose up from the piano, tear-drops added a new charm to Madame L.'s dark, oriental face. Then with a smile she said, "What a tender Berceuse, but how different from Chopin's? Moreau's is human, Chopin's is celestial." "Oh, Madame L.!" I exclaimed, "do you not think this a holy melody? Such a melody as I imagine that the blessed mother of our Lord sung to the infant Jesus." "Yes, it is holy," she replied, "but *humanly* holy. A tender human love inspired it. It is not a heavenly abstraction, but a human sentiment, an experience I should call it, appreciable to all that possess maternal sensibility. I prefer it to Chopin's for this reason, not that it is a higher artistic creation. Chopin's Berceuse suggests infant angels, spirit-children of the New Jerusalem, but Moreau's cradle-song is composed for earth-babies that weep and smile."

CECILIA.

To be continued.

NEW BOOKS.

SUMMER REST. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The papers or essays which have been collected to form this book, originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and made their mark there even among the many contributions from experienced and popular writers. The title of the book, "Summer Rest," has no special reference to the work, saving perhaps that its contents are appropriate reading for the unemployed days of summer. It is elegantly written, but its thoughts are stronger than its style. It is contemplative, suggestive and speculative, contains thoughts of elevated beauty, and a warm and appreciative love of nature, and a deep knowledge of the lessons it teaches, but its tone is materialistic, and its theology is rather free than conventional or orthodox, tending more to unsettle than to establish belief, and offering nothing to satisfy in compensation. But there is much that should be read in this book, if only to correct the false theories which are silently but surely creeping into our literature and undermining that, which, if it falls, is a wreck which new lights can never build, nor yet erect a stable Temple in its place.

As a writer upon nature in her visible manifestations and associations and of those living creatures which inhabit and vivify all her places, her open pastures and her secret dells, Gail Hamilton especially charming: displaying profound sympathy and intimate knowledge, and the desire to harmonize their existence with humanity by uniting all more closely through a genial and generous sentiment.

We quote a brief extract from Summer talk, which is a fair specimen, of one phase of thought which is to us the pleasantest vein in "Summer Rest."

ORCHARD TALK.

"It is charged that Americans have no repose. We are consumed with energy, and in our eagerness to do have largely lost the power to enjoy. There is some ground for the remark; but possibly we have in our character the elements of repose, though our circumstances have not yet contributed to, or even been tolerant of, its development. Certain it is that there can be no true repose save in connection with right action. Absolute quietude we cannot command, but absolute quietude is not indispensable. A boundless activity may carry along with it all the conditions of perfect rest.

"We speak of the quiet of the country, and truly our souls find solace there and peace. But the country seems to be the place, of all places, where everything is going on. Especially in spring one becomes almost distracted. What is spring in the city? Dead bricks under your feet; dead stones all around you. There are beautiful things in the shop windows, but they never do anything. It is just the same as it was yesterday, and as it will be to-morrow. I suppose a faint sense of warmth and fragrance does settle down into the city's old cold heart, and at a few breathing-holes—little irregular patches as we see them, lovely but minute, called "Central Park," or "Boston Common" Nature comes up to blow. And there are the spring bonnets. Still, it can hardly make much difference whether it be June or January.

"But Spring in the country—O season rightly named!—a goddess-queen glides through the heavens, and the earth and all there is therein springs up to meet her and do obeisance. We, gross and heavy, blind and deaf, are slow to catch the flutter of her robes, the music of her footfall, the odor of her breath, the brightness of her far-off coming. We call it cold and winter still. We huddle about the fires, and wonder if the spring will never come; and all the while, lo, the spring is here! Ten thousand watching eyes, ten thousand waiting ears, laid along the ground, have signaled the royal approach. Ten thousand times ten thousand voices sound the notes of preparation. Every tiny sleeping germ of animal and of vegetable life springs to his feet, wide awake, girded for duty, vigilant but unburied, eager, active, and most orderly. Now you must be wide awake, too, or you will miss the sights. And each spring is more lovely than the last. Tender green on the earth, intenser blue in the sky, deeper colors, sweeter voices, busier feet, happier hearts, as the Summer comes softly singing through the meadows, and pouring her fragrance on the air. Every year it floats into my thought, 'I will write something beautiful about the summer,' from pure longing to celebrate its loveliness in gratitude for its behests; but I never write the beautiful thing, no, nor ever shall. For the summer absorbs you unawares. The birds and the bees and the buds are so many; the lambs in the fields, the fishes in the brooks, the cattle on a thousand hills—with them is no delay nor excusing. And while you are living all these dear dumb lives, gradually the clouds grow leaden, the wind whistles, the leaves shiver and shrivel and fall, and of a sudden you look up to find that the summer is gone. Now, therefore, fair goddess, take, I pray, my speechless enjoyment for meet celebration, and count me no ingrate because I cannot say the thing I would.

"But as yet the summer is here, warm and sunny and scented, pouring through the windows, and filling house and heart with newness of life; sinking into the brown earth, subtle and sinuous, to rise again in vivid hues and graceful forms. And the birds are here. They came up early from the summer-land—bluebirds and robins, and all manner of winged wonders, familiar and strange, driven northward, so the country folk say, by the long roar and smoke and horror of

battle. We have a line of old apple-trees on the south border, marvellously gnarled and unsightly, curiously crooked as one might say, a fat feeding-ground for worms and caterpillars, bearing little fruit, and that untoothsome. A really thrifty and sensible axe would speedily lay itself at their roots; but such is none of ours, and they shall not down. For every spring the faithful old patriarchs go through all the forms of fruitage as dutifully as if they meant to fill our bins with Baldwins. Some secret influence, which our hard humanity cannot discern, but which the vegetable world knows and answers joyfully, floats through the night, a low voice stirs the hearth beneath their wrinkled poles, the old sap asserts itself, old ambitions revive, and with the dewy dawn, lo! the apple-trees have thrilled into bloom. What if strength fails them to redeem their promise in some distant, doubtful October? At least the whole air is a sea of perfume now, and the waves come rolling in through all the windows, flooding us with fragrance. You hardly move but some fresh delicate odor smites you softly, waking a new delight. What ravaging axe shall destroy these fountains of incense?

"And the old trees, misshapen, uncouth, and well stricken in years, are fireside and forum, temple and theatre, for a community of birds. Little they care for grim bark, or twisted branch, or pre-empted twig. The more bugs the better hunting-ground. Every insect haunt is a well-stocked Faneuil Market ready to hand. In every worm they see a new pinfeather, a sharpening claw, a hardening beak, for some callow darling. I watch them hopping about on the grass in little fits and starts, alighting on the fence and musing there with an air of intense preoccupation, flying up into the trees to some hidden nook among the leafage with a wisp of straw for building—and I could find it in my heart to pity them. It seems such an endless task to make a nest, straw by straw, painfully, with only one little bill for all sorts of work. But they seem to like it. Labor is lightened and time shortened perhaps with thinking of the chosen friend who is to share it, and the tiny brood that is to be sheltered in it. And they never work hard. It is not dig, dig, dig with the birds. They take life daintily, lords and ladies in their own right. Toil is diversified by game and song, and social chit-chat. They will leave their labor for no cause apparently, but just on the spur of the moment, whirl you a wild waltz through the air in a very passion of pastime, then stand a-tilt on a twig, and trill out for a second or two a reckless roundelay as if the whole world of the May-time were pouring its joy through their throats, and anon the minstrel is down among the grasses again, no longer a gay Lothario, a Ralph Roister Doister, but a quiet, grave family bird, busily engaged in gathering materials, and building himself a local habitation. And what heavenly habitation are theirs? Think of living in a great green overlapping forest, green above, around, beneath you, endless aisles losing themselves in endless arches, the bright sky glimmering far off, the bright sun shining in through a thousand portals, and leaving soft wavering shadows everywhere, gentle gales whispering melodies and murmuring sweet lullabys, or sometimes a brave breeze trumpeting some martial air that rouses all the fire in your blood; to be surrounded days and weeks with great pink and white blossoms bigger than your head, deeps overhead and deeps underfoot, drooping and swinging all through the silent night, and the sultry noon and dawn and twilight between; and every crystal cup brimmed and overflowing with pungent delicious odors—no wonder the birds are drunken with delight, and pour forth such mad bacchanal songs as stagger their little frames and set the whole orchard a-tremble!

"If they only would be tame—the shy, nervous sprites!—if they only could discern friend from foe, and let you who love them so draw near to share their pretty secrets! But tame they will not be. Sometimes, in venturesome mood, or thinking perhaps to take a short cut across lots, they dart through an open window and shoot about the room quite bewildered. But if you